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days and nights rolled over the captive. They often had no food but such as dogs would not meddle with; while they have been pinched with bitter cold, they had not a rag to cover their nakedness; sometimes parched with burning heat without any cordial to refresh them; and they have seen their dearest friends torn to pieces before their eyes, yet those eyes afraid to drop a tear at the sight. Furnish me the names of *three* persons who have not met with matter of sadness owing to this one war; give me the names of such, if you can; I will fetch back your dead to life." It seems not to require the word of inspiration to teach us that he who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword, for it is written in letters of blood every where upon the earth.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM LADD.

"This name," says the Boston Mercantile Journal, "will be long remembered by those who take an interest in improving the condition and elevating the character of the human race. William Ladd was, in every sense of the word, a good man, a true, liberal-hearted philanthropist. A late number of the Lewiston Falls Advertiser contains the following interesting description of his late residence in the State of Maine:

'The day on which we visited the mansion, was one of the clearest of the Indian summer, and nothing could surpass in splendor the gorgeous drapery of the forest, tinted as it was with a thousand fantastic hues by the frosts of October.

The house is situated in the west part of Minot, and not more than four or five rods from the road, but nearly concealed from it by a profusion of elegant trees. The windows are shaded by clumps of hemlock, pine and spruce, among which glisten silver firs, and over the pathway wave enticingly the bright red berries of the mountain ash.

On the north, it is shielded from the cold winds by a long row of Lombardy poplars, planted when the present unreasonable dislike for that beautiful tree did not exist. The garden on the south is entered under a tasteful arch, and, though not extensive, is well arranged. The smooth gravel-walks are hemmed in by shrubbery; and fruit and ornamental trees are scattered, with a plentiful hand, through the grounds.

The fields, which contain about two hundred acres, are as smooth as a lawn, and the barns, six in number, are large and well filled. The 'major-domo,' who showed us about the premises, communicated many interesting anecdotes of its late occupant. In Mr. Ladd's time, his sheep-flock numbered six hundred head; but it is now much reduced.

The house is spacious enough to accommodate the train of a feudal lord; and had Mr. Ladd's taste been different, he might have stabled his hundred horses, and ridden over his grounds, attended by a hundred horsemen, and made his home like a castle in the days of chivalry. It is situated on the top of a long swell of grounds, and we could not wonder that Mr. Ladd had chosen this place for his residence, when we looked from the window upon the vast prospect of green hills and cultivated fields spread out below. The White Mountains, at a distance of fifty miles, glistened with the snow banks and ice-bound rivulets of early winter.

But, as we walked through the large empty rooms, and the walls sent back only hollow echoes to our tread, it was not difficult to feel that the master's presence was not there to animate, and that his absence had filled the place with gloom. Yet there was a charm about the deserted home of him who had spent the latter years of his life in attempting to perfect one of the most glorious systems that ever flourished on 'the tide of time,' a system which will do away one of the scourges of society, disarm Jove of his thunders, and give to the fiendish struggles for supremacy only a record among the barbaric institutions of the past."